MARVEL
ANNUAL
1
JED MacKAY
JOEY VAZQUEZ
JUAN GEDEON
NATACHA BUSTOS
BRIAN REBER
The Wedding of SPIDER-MAN & BLACK CAT
WAIT, WHAT?

NOPE. NO WAY.
Oh COME ON. LIVE A LITTLE, SPIDER.
SEE, YOU SAY THAT, AND WHEN I LISTEN, I ALWAYS END UP AROUND PEOPLE WHO WANT ME TO LIVE A LOT LESS.
PLEASE? FOR ME?
NOPE.
HARD PASS.
WHAT DO YOU NEED ME FOR? GET ONE OF YOUR CRIMINAL PALS!
WHAT DO I NEED YOU FOR?
I NEED YOU FOR THIS BECAUSE I TRUST YOU.
BECAUSE YOU CAN HANDLE YOURSELF.
BECAUSE, ULTIMATELY, YOU WANT TO HELP PEOPLE.
BECAUSE... THAT IS YOUR THING, ISN'T IT? HELPING PEOPLE?
-Sigh...-
I COULDN'T BE AN ALOOF NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN, NOOOOO.
A HAUGHTY, DETACHED NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN.
I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY.

AND IT'S NOT BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY PERSON YOU KNOW WHO THAT TUX WILL FIT?
THE BLACK CAT
NO...?
ALRIGHT.
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, FINE.
with
SPIDER-MAN
in
HE SAID YES!
LET'S GET MARRIED!

MARVEL COMICS proudly requests the honor of your presence at the wedding of their daughter and son,

Felicia Sara Hardy,

A.K.A. **Black Cat**

and

Peter Benjamin Parker,

A.K.A. **Spider-Man**

On this day, ***Wednesday, November thirteenth,***
in the year two thousand nineteen

At a location to be revealed within the pages of this comic book.
The bride and groom will be accompanied by their wedding party:

Jed MacKay · *writer of honor*

Joey Vazquez **(Felicia & Peter)**, ***Natacha Bustos*** **(Bruno)**,
Juan Gedeon **(Dr. Korpse)** · *best artists*

Brian Reber · *color artist of the bride* ***Ferran Delgado*** · *letter bearer*

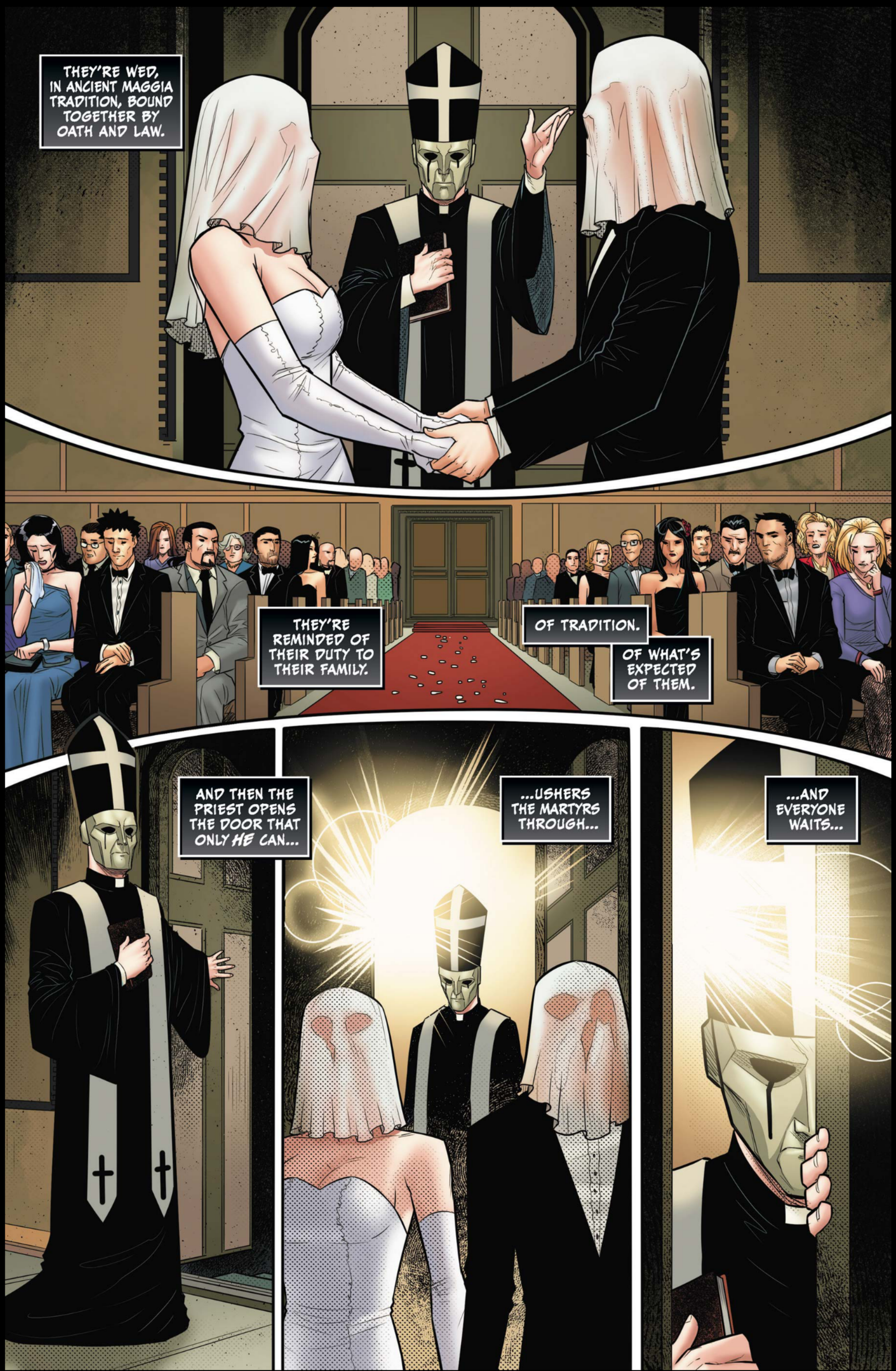
J."Scott Campbell & Sabine Rich · *program artists*

Gerardo Sandoval & Morry Hollowell; Todd Nauck · *alternate program artists*

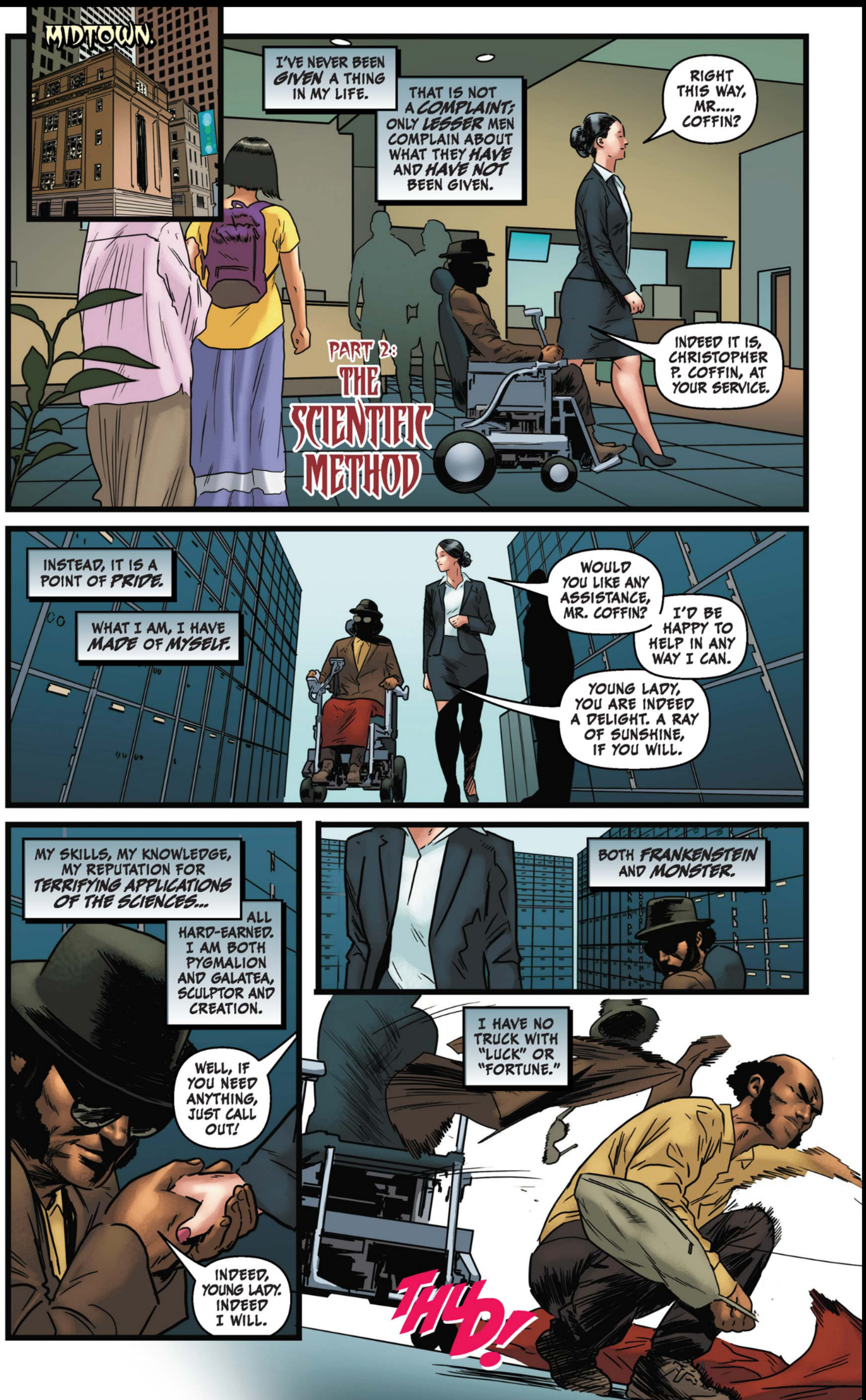
Kathleen Wisneski · *rice sweeper* ***Nick Lowe*** · *dove wrangler*
C.B. Cebulski · *caterer* ***Joe Quesada*** · *videographer*
Dan Buckley · *DJ* ***Alan Fine*** · *florist*

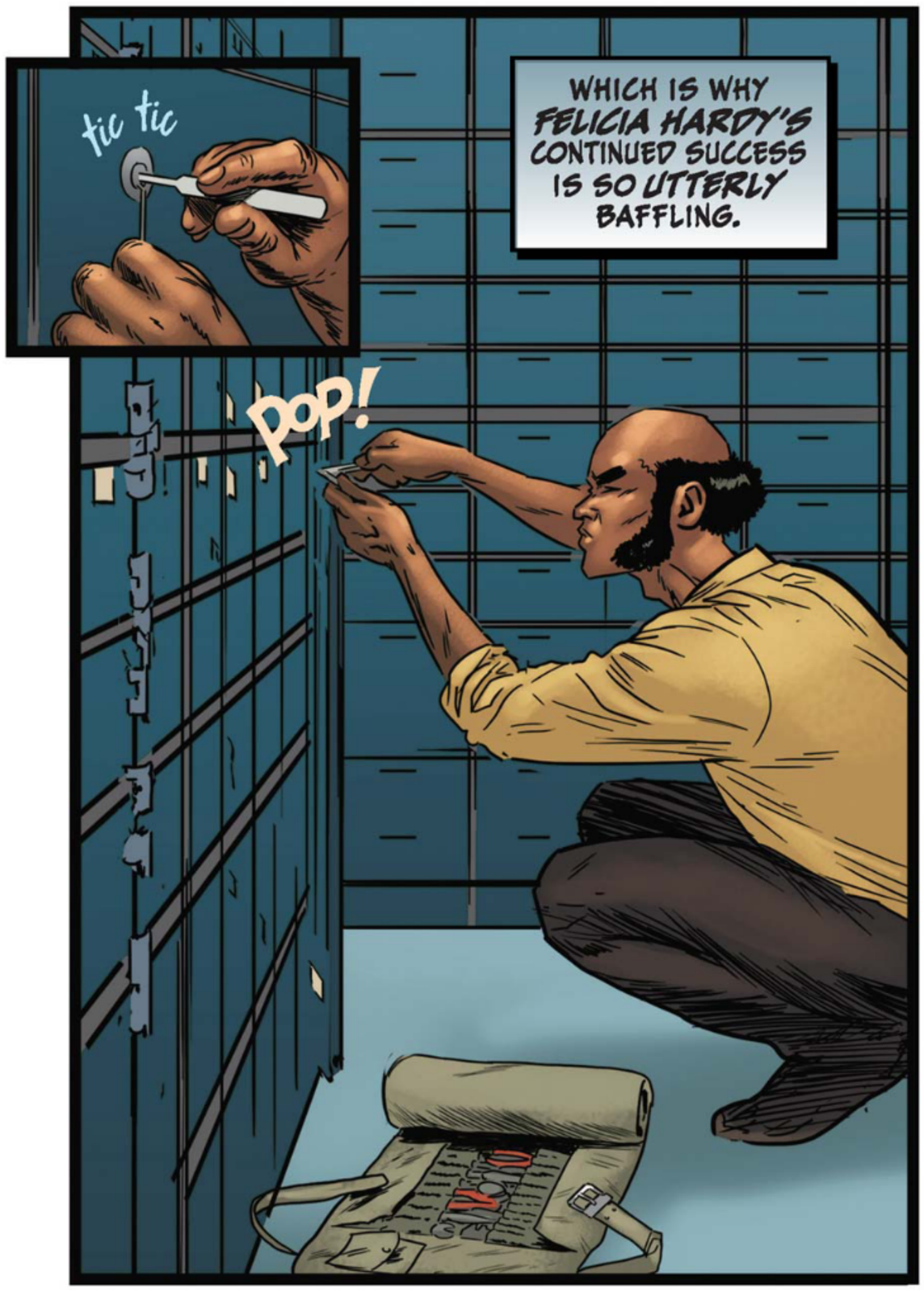
© 2019 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

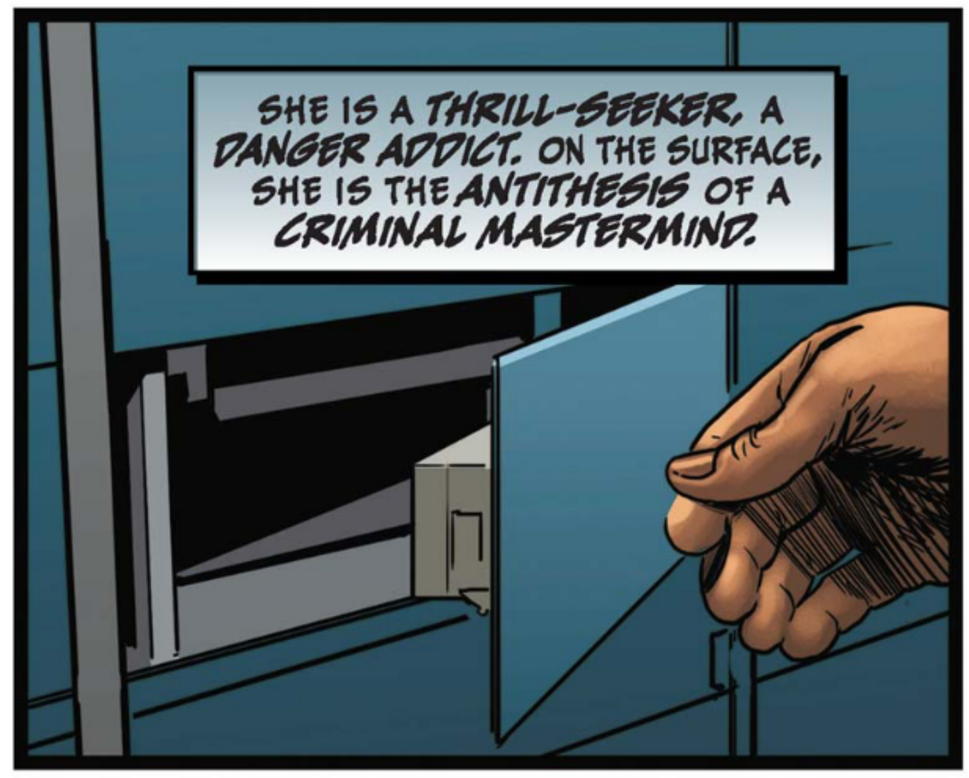
ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, NORTHPORT, NY.
PART 1: THE WEDDING OF THE MARTYRS
IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND WHAT COMES NEXT, YOU NEED TO KNOW THIS:
THE MAGGIA ARE WEIRD.
"BUT FELICIA," YOU SAY, "THEY'RE JUST YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL GANGSTERS WITH ESOTERIC TRADITIONS AND A FIXATION ON DEATH RAYS AND ROBOTS!
"HOW IS THAT WEIRD?"
TAKE THE WEDDING OF THE MARTYRS.
WHEN TWO FAMILIES HAVE BEEF, BAD BLOOD BORDERING ON WAR, THEN THE MARTYRS ARE WED.
TWO MAGGIA YOUTH, A PRINCE OR PRINCESS OF EACH FAMILY, ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER ON THIS SACRED OCCASION.
AT ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, SCIENCE-GANGSTER HOLY GROUND.


THEY'RE WED, IN ANCIENT MAGGIA TRADITION, BOUND TOGETHER BY OATH AND LAW.
THEY'RE REMINDED OF THEIR DUTY TO THEIR FAMILY.
OF TRADITION.
OF WHAT'S EXPECTED OF THEM.
AND THEN THE PRIEST OPENS THE DOOR THAT ONLY HE CAN...
...USHERS THE MARTYRS THROUGH...
...AND EVERYONE WAITS...

...WHILE THE NEWLYWEDS FIGHT TO THE DEATH TO SETTLE THEIR FAMILIES' DIFFERENCES.
SEE?
I TOLD YOU IT'D GO OFF WITHOUT A HITCH.
OTHER THAN, YOU KNOW, US GETTING HITCHED.
ONE HITCH.
WE ARE LOCKED IN A ROOM WHERE THE ONLY EXIT IS THROUGH TWO ENTIRE MAGGIA FAMILIES.
THAT'S A LOT OF DEATH RAYS BETWEEN US AND THE STREET.
RELAX, BABY.
DON'T I ALWAYS HAVE A PLAN?
=Sigh...=
I MAY NEVER LIKE THEM...
...BUT YOU ALWAYS DO HAVE A PLAN.

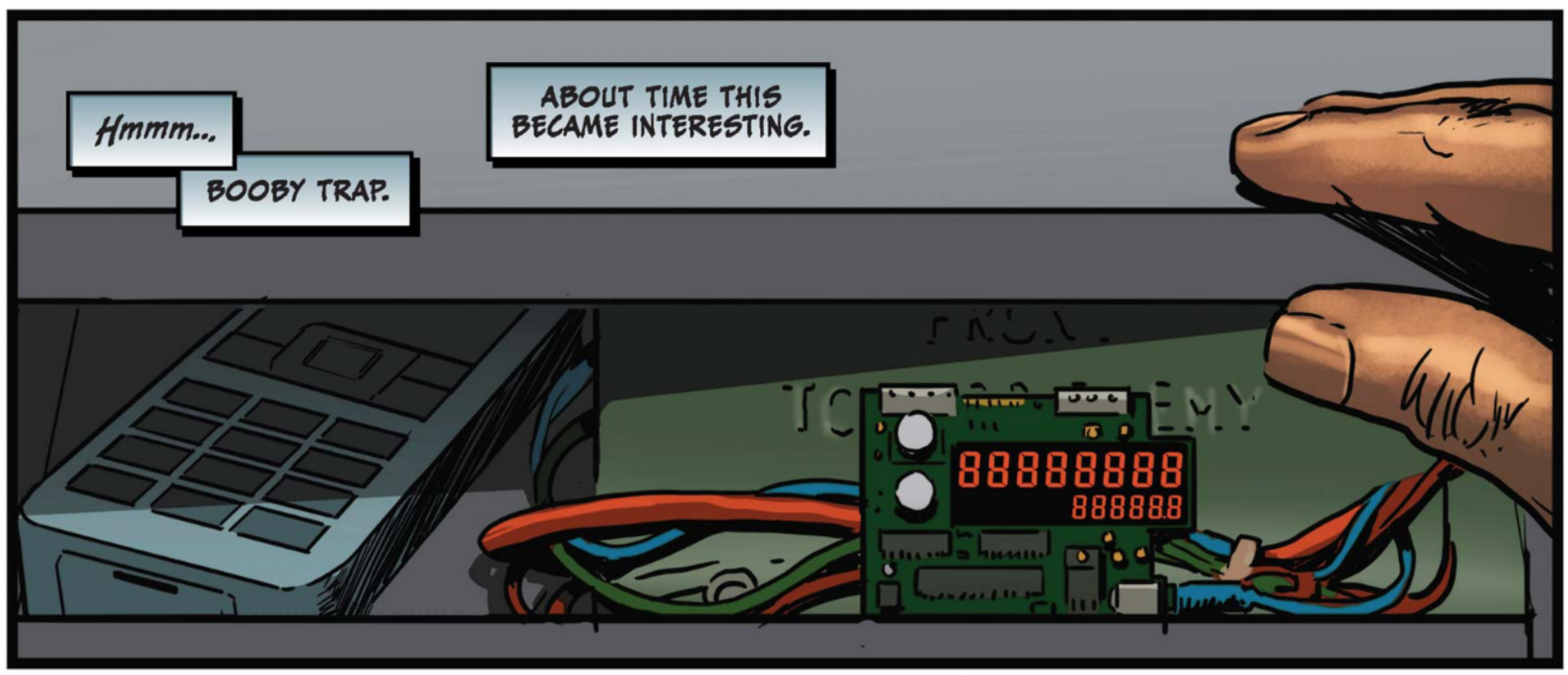

MIDTOWN.
I'VE NEVER BEEN GIVEN A THING IN MY LIFE.
THAT IS NOT A COMPLAINT; ONLY LESSER MEN COMPLAIN ABOUT WHAT THEY HAVE AND HAVE NOT BEEN GIVEN.
RIGHT THIS WAY, MR.... COFFIN?
INDEED IT IS, CHRISTOPHER P. COFFIN, AT YOUR SERVICE.
PART 2: THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD
INSTEAD, IT IS A POINT OF PRIDE.
WHAT I AM, I HAVE MADE OF MYSELF.
WOULD YOU LIKE ANY ASSISTANCE, MR. COFFIN?
I'D BE HAPPY TO HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN.
YOUNG LADY, YOU ARE INDEED A DELIGHT. A RAY OF SUNSHINE, IF YOU WILL.
MY SKILLS, MY KNOWLEDGE, MY REPUTATION FOR TERRIFYING APPLICATIONS OF THE SCIENCES...
ALL HARD-EARNED. I AM BOTH PYGMALION AND GALATEA, SCULPTOR AND CREATION.
WELL, IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, JUST CALL OUT!
INDEED, YOUNG LADY. INDEED I WILL.
BOTH FRANKENSTEIN AND MONSTER.
I HAVE NO TRUCK WITH "LUCK" OR "FORTUNE."
THUD!


tic tic
WHICH IS WHY FELICIA HARDY'S CONTINUED SUCCESS IS SO UTTERLY BAFFLING.
pop!


SHE IS A THRILL-SEEKER, A DANGER ADDICT. ON THE SURFACE, SHE IS THE ANTITHESIS OF A CRIMINAL MASTERMIND.

AND YET.
SHE CONTINUES TO SUCCEED IN JOBS WHERE ALL OTHERS WOULD FAIL. AGAINST ALL ODDS.

AND SO, AS A SCIENTIST, I OBSERVE HER.
AND AS A CRIMINAL, I FOLLOW HER.
MIXING CRIME AND SCIENCE MAKES FOR A HEADY BREW, BUT THERE IS NONE OTHER WORTHY TO QUAFF SUCH A DRAUGHT AS I.


Hmmm...
BOOBY TRAP.
ABOUT TIME THIS BECAME INTERESTING.

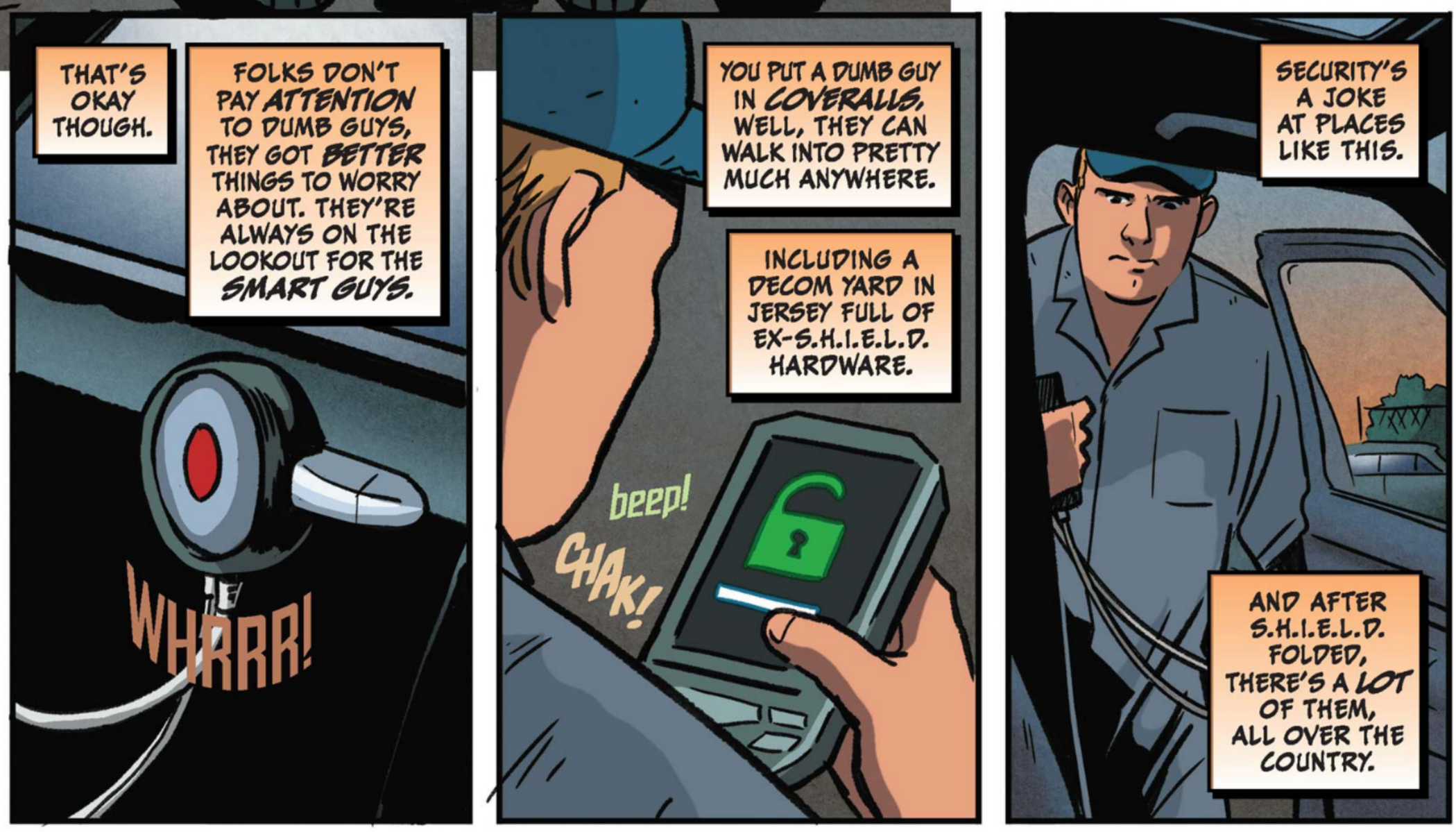
JERSEY.

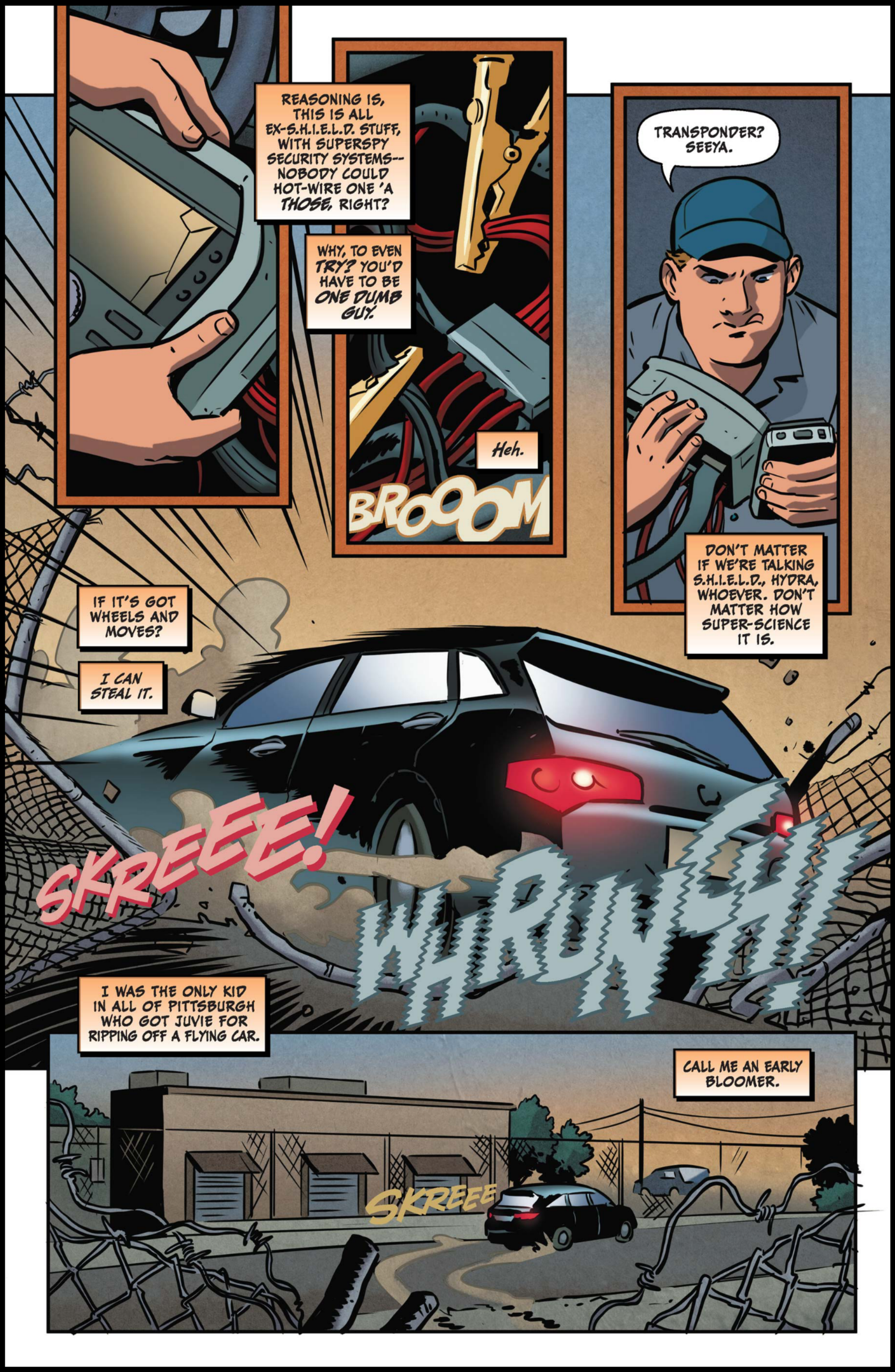
PART 3:
DUMB GUYS

WHEN YOU'RE A BIG GUY, PEOPLE ASSUME YOU'RE *DUMB.*

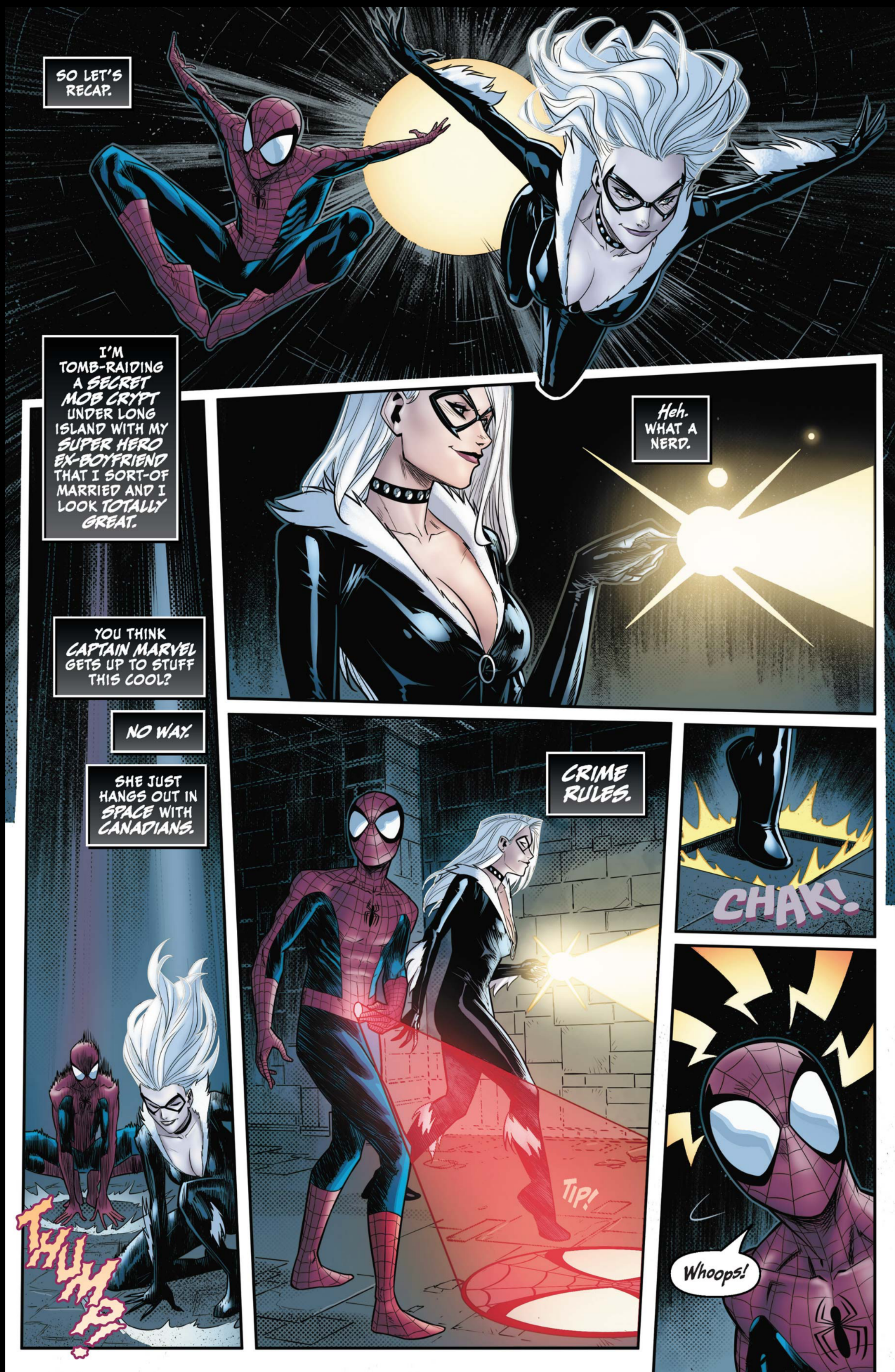
IF YOU'RE A BIG GUY *AND* YOU DON'T SAY MUCH?

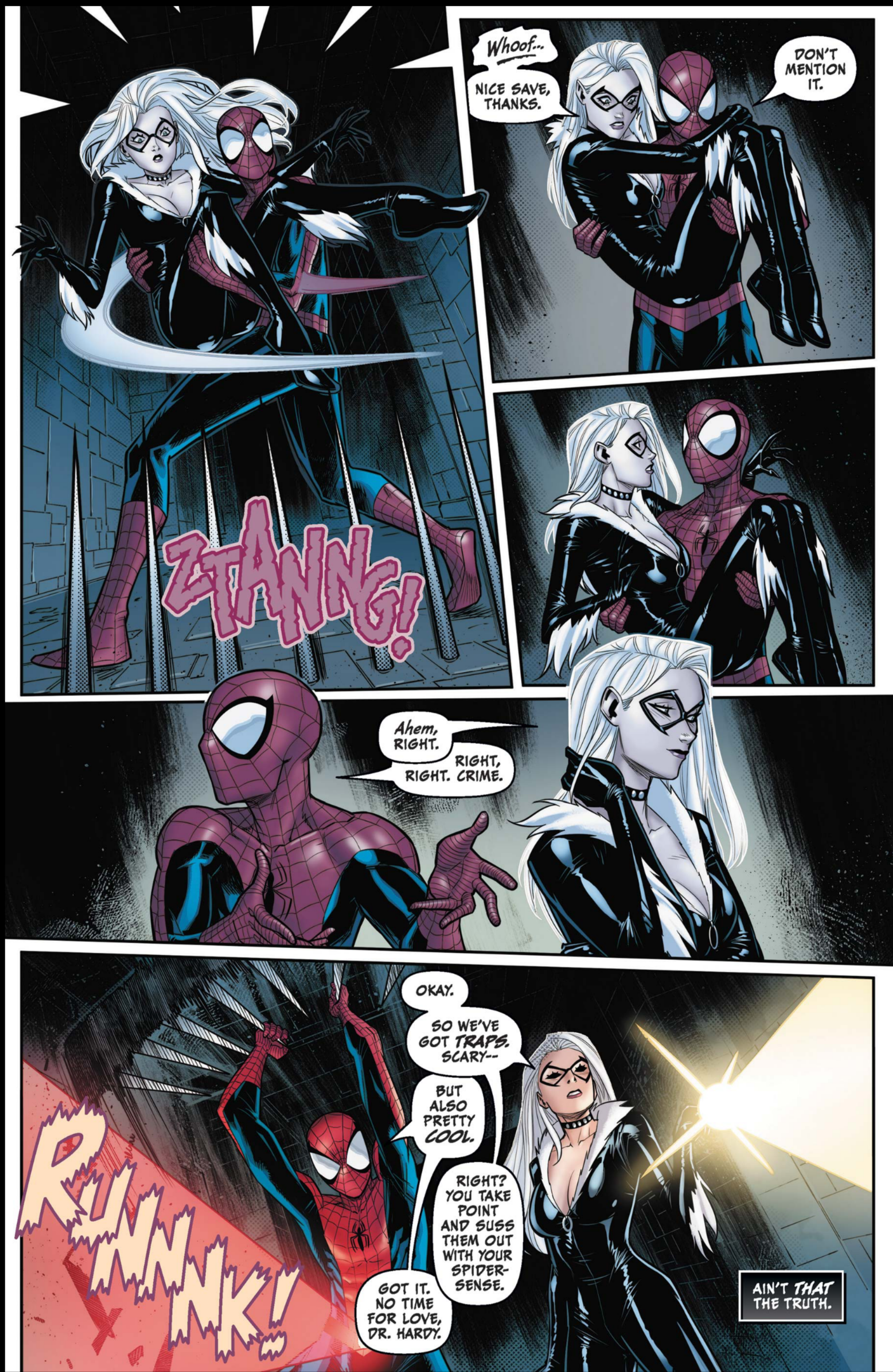
BROTHER, PEOPLE ARE GOING TO THINK YOU GOT THE BRAINS OF A *CACTUS.*




REASONING IS, THIS IS ALL EX-S.H.I.E.L.D. STUFF, WITH SUPERSPY SECURITY SYSTEMS-- NOBODY COULD HOT-WIRE ONE 'A THOSE, RIGHT?
WHY, TO EVEN TRY? YOU'D HAVE TO BE ONE DUMB GUY.
Heh.
BROOOM
TRANSPONDER? SEEYA.
DON'T MATTER IF WE'RE TALKING S.H.I.E.L.D., HYDRA, WHOEVER. DON'T MATTER HOW SUPER-SCIENCE IT IS.
IF IT'S GOT WHEELS AND MOVES?
I CAN STEAL IT.
SKREEE!
I WAS THE ONLY KID IN ALL OF PITTSBURGH WHO GOT JUVIE FOR RIPPING OFF A FLYING CAR.
CALL ME AN EARLY BLOOMER.
SKREEE

CAREFUL, CAREFUL...
YES, YES...
RRUUUMM!
PART 4: JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY
JEEPERS, MISTER, HOW'D YOU GET SO STRONG?
Uh... VEGETABLES...MILK? WHEATCAKES?
(WHY DON'T I EVER LIFT WITH MY LEGS?)
KRAAKK
DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT, SPIDER.
THE MAGGIA USE A DREADNOUGHT TO LIFT THAT UP.
SO THAT'S IT?
THAT'S IT.
THE SECRET MAGGIA CATACOMBS. THEY SAY THERE'S SOME GHASTLY GUARDIAN.
COOL.
SUPER NOT-SCARY.
WHADDYA SAY?
READY TO RAGE?


SO LET'S RECAP.
I'M TOMB-RAIDING A SECRET MOB CRYPT UNDER LONG ISLAND WITH MY SUPER HERO EX-BOYFRIEND THAT I SORT-OF MARRIED AND I LOOK TOTALLY GREAT.
Heh. WHAT A NERD.
YOU THINK CAPTAIN MARVEL GETS UP TO STUFF THIS COOL?
NO WAY.
SHE JUST HANGS OUT IN SPACE WITH CANADIANS.
CRIME RULES.
CHAK!
THUMP!
TIP!
Whoops!


ZTANNG!
Whoof...
NICE SAVE, THANKS.
DON'T MENTION IT.
Ahem, RIGHT.
RIGHT, RIGHT. CRIME.
OKAY.
SO WE'VE GOT TRAPS. SCARY--
BUT ALSO PRETTY COOL.
RIGHT? YOU TAKE POINT AND SUSS THEM OUT WITH YOUR SPIDER-SENSE.
GOT IT. NO TIME FOR LOVE, DR. HARDY.
RUNNNK!
AIN'T THAT THE TRUTH.

SO TELL ME THE STORY.
IT'S ALL ABOUT THE MONEY, SPIDER.
MAGGIA MONEY.
THE MAGGIA HAVE ACCOUNTS WITH PLUTO--
PLUTO?
CRIMINAL BANKING ORGANIZATION.
SO FAR UNDERGROUND THEY'RE SUBTERRANEAN. SCARY FOLKS.
ANYWAYS, THE ONLY WAY TO ACCESS THE PLUTO ACCOUNTS IS WITH A CODE-STRING OF NUMBERS THAT CHANGE EVERY DAY ACCORDING TO AN ALGORITHM.
SHAKT!
AND THAT ALGORITHMIC KEY?
THAT'S THE GOOD BIT.
THE DATES ON THE OLDEST TOMBS IN HERE.
THE FIRST MAGGIA FOUNDERS TO LAND ON THESE AMERICAN SHORES.
NOW I TEXT THESE TO MY GUY...
WAIT. DIDN'T YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT A "GUARDIAN"?
Pssh. OLD WIVES' TALE.
...err...

PART 5:
TICK-TOCK
THE BOMB IS RUDIMENTARY.
BUT IN DISARMING IT, IT MUST FIRST BE ARMED.
AND ONCE ARMED, THE SLIGHTEST BREAK IN CONCENTRATION...
Bee-deep!
Pffft!
IT WOULD APPEAR HARDY AND THE BUG HAVE DELIVERED.
Inbox
1 NEW MESSAGE
AND NOW FOR MY PART.
MY PIECE IN TODAY'S SYMPHONY OF LARCENY.
LIKE AN EXPENSIVE WATCH. ONE YOU MIGHT HEAR TICKING WHEN HELD TO THE EAR.
EVERY PART WORKING IN UNISON.
TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK.
SNIP

EXCELLENT.
NOW. WITH THESE NUMBERS AND A VOICE MODULATOR...

CLAC!

98-34-71?
928-340-779.
106736?
10433861.

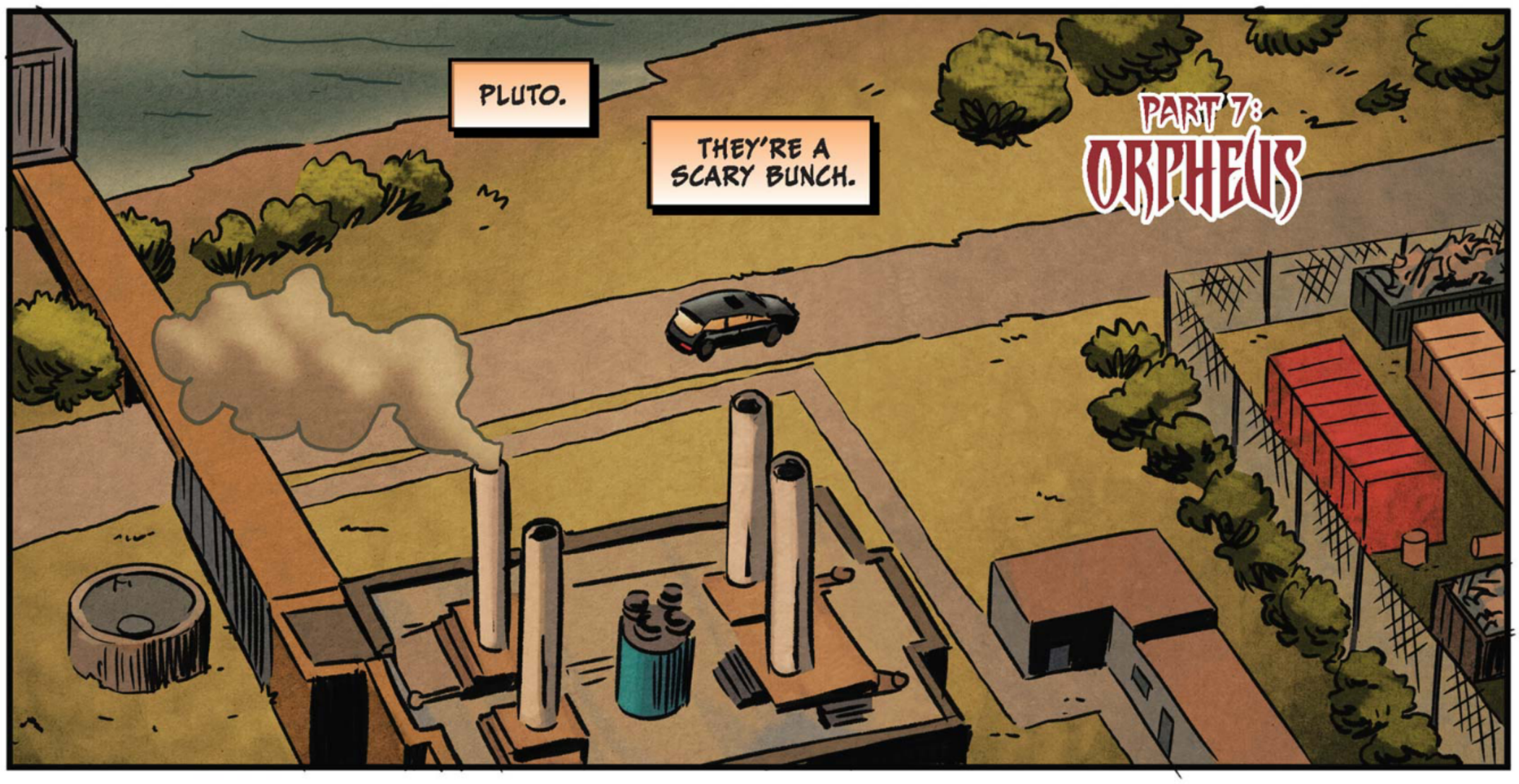
VOICEPRINT AND CODE CONFIRMED. REQUEST?
THREE MILLION. CASH. THREE BAGS. DELIVERY COORDINATES TO FOLLOW.
CONFIRMED. RECIPIENT?

HE'LL BE WEARING A MASK.

NONE-SHALL-DESECRATE-THE-SACRED-TOMB
HYDRA DREADNOUGHT.
USED TO BE CUTTING-EDGE TERROR WEAPONS FOR THE BOYS IN GREEN, NOW RELEGATED TO MAGGIA HEIRLOOMS.
FWOOSH
PART 6:
DREAD NOT
EIGHT .30 CAL KNUCKLE SPIKES.
HYDRAZINE AND LIQUID OXYGEN FOR 192 SECONDS OF FLAME, PER HAND.
FREON FOR 15 SECONDS OF ICE BLAST.
ZTANNG!
100K VOLT ELECTRIC DISCHARGE. GAMMA RAY PROJECTORS.
LOOK OUT, CAT!
THWIPP!
MY SPIDER IS BRAVE AND STRONG AS ALL GET-OUT. I'VE NEVER MET A BETTER MAN.
BUT AN ASSASSIN-ROBOT AT CLOSE QUARTERS?
SPLOTCH!
TZAKKAT!
LOOK OUT YOURSELF!
AND IF HE TRIES TO PROTECT ME--
--AND HE WILL--
--THEN IT'LL GET HIM BEFORE I CAN PLAY MY LITTLE TRICK.
Clic!

TZAKK!
KEEP MOVING, BUY SOME TIME!
FOR WHAT?
JUST DON'T GET KILLED!
SHIINK!
YOU KNOW IT MAKES ME CRAZY WHEN YOU KEEP ME IN THE DARK!
Oh, I DON'T KNOW...
...I THOUGHT WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN BEST IN THE DARK.
ARRGH!
FROOSH!
MAGGIA USUALLY RUN THEIR DREADS THROUGH TELEPRESENCE, WITH A HUMAN OPERATOR.
RUNK!
REASON BEING, SOFTWARE AGES FAST.
HYDRA DREADNOUGHT 1.0 A.I. SOURCE CODE HIT THE DARK WEB YEARS AGO.
THEIR ECCM ISN'T ANYWHERE NEAR STATE OF THE ART, NOT ANYMORE.
WHRAM!

NONE-SHALL-NONE-SHALL-
-SHALL-ALL-ALL-ALL-
ALL OF WHICH MEANS: IF YOU BROADCAST A VIRUS, CODED BY A LUNATIC WITH A PARTICULAR BENT FOR WRECKING THINGS...
...WHO WORKS FOR ME...
...THEN THE DREAD'S POOR OLD COLD WAR CPU WILL BE LEAKING CODE OUT OF ITS CHROMED EARS.
THOOM!
WHAT DID YOU DO?
WOULD YOU BELIEVE FEMININE WILES?
I'VE SEEN THE EFFECT OF YOUR FEMININE WILES.
SO YES.
COME ON.
IT'S ALMOST TIME TO PUT THIS CAPER TO BED.


PLUTO.
THEY'RE A SCARY BUNCH.
PART 7:
ORPHEUS

CROOK BANKERS.
THINGS THEY DO TO THEM WHO CROSS 'EM?
NOT WORTH THINKIN' ABOUT.

HAIL HYDRA.
BUT THIS IS THE BOSS' PLAN.
AND IF SHE SAYS THIS IS THE PLAY...
...THEN THIS IS THE PLAY.

DELIVERED AND WITNESSED.

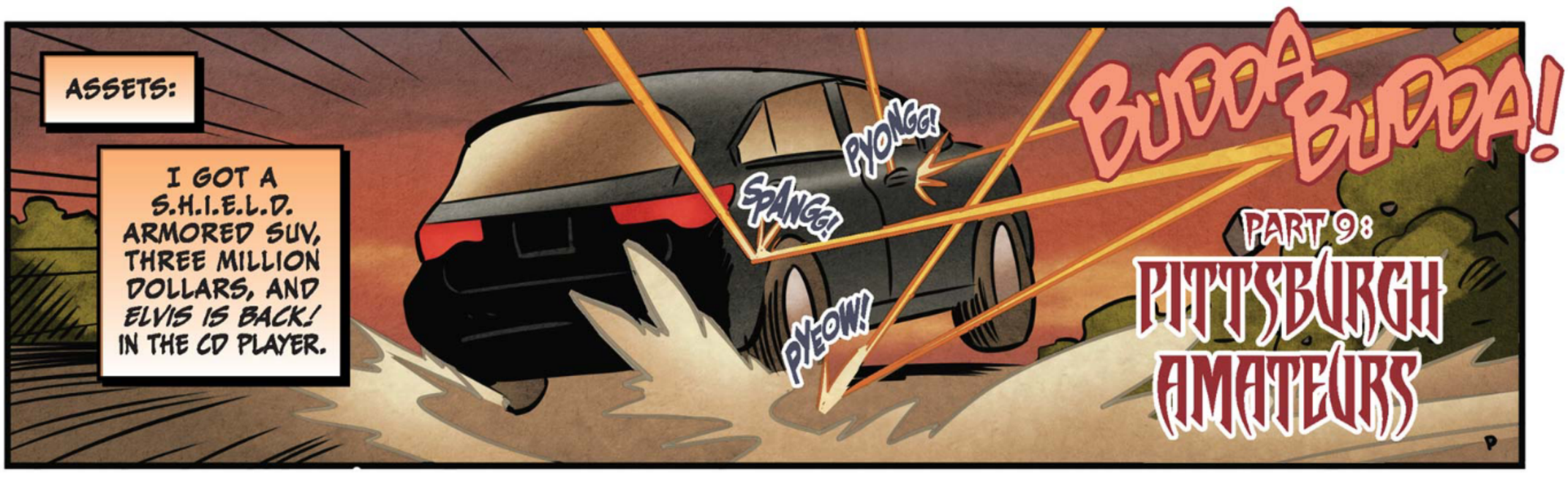
THANKS.

WHAT IS TAKING SO LONG...
PART 8:
THE VICTORS
WHAT?!
Withdrawal
$3,000,000
WHAT THE HELL?!
98-34-71?
928-340-779!
106736?
10433861!
SILVIO, IT'S YOUR DAUGHTER'S MURDER-WEDDING!
SHADDUP!
PAF!
PAF!
VOICEPRINT AND CODE CONFIRMED. REQUEST?
YOU BET I GOT A REQUEST!
WHO AUTHORIZED THAT TRANSACTION?!
TRANSACTION WAS AUTHORIZED WITH YOUR VOICEPRINT AND CODE. THE CALL CAME FROM AN AUTHORIZED LINE.

SOMEONE'S RIPPING US OFF!
SIDDOWN, SILVIO!
SHUT UP!
"YOU READY?"

THERE IS A VICTOR!
"AS I'M GOING TO BE."

"THEN LET'S DO IT.
"ALMOST OUT, BABY."
HAIL HYDRA!!!

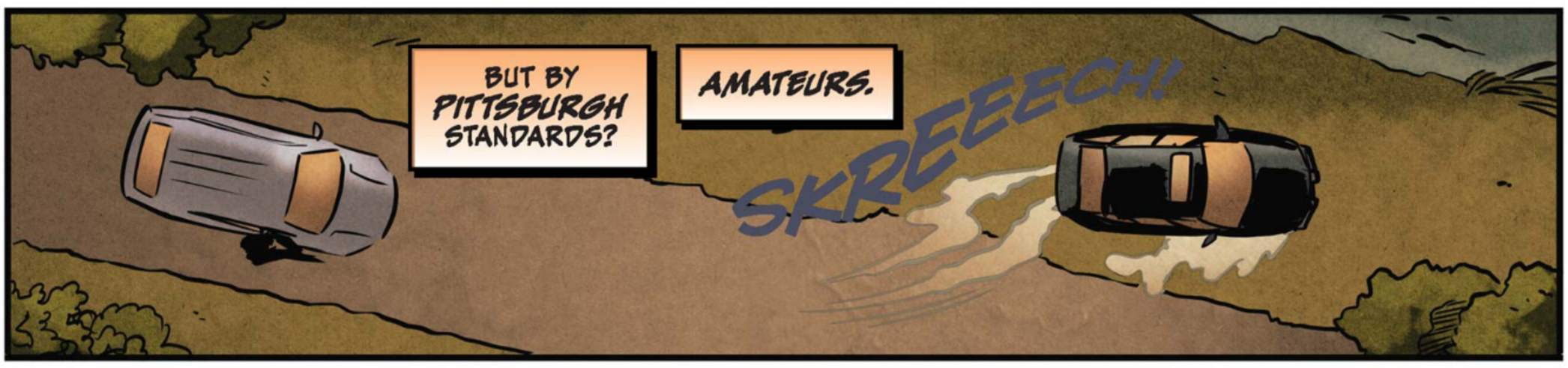

ASSETS:
I GOT A S.H.I.E.L.D. ARMORED SUV, THREE MILLION DOLLARS, AND ELVIS IS BACK! IN THE CD PLAYER.
PYONGG!
SPANG!
PYEOW!
BUDDA BUDDA!
PART 9:
PITTSBURGH AMATEURS

NOW LET'S SEE HOW THESE BOYS DRIVE.

NOT BAD, NOT BAD.

BUDDABUDDA!

NOT BAD FOR JERSEY.


BUT BY PITTSBURGH STANDARDS?
AMATEURS.
SKREEECH!

Hmmm...
THAT'S A SURPRISE.
S'FINE THOUGH. THEY WANT TO SCRATCH THIS ARMOR, IT'D TAKE--

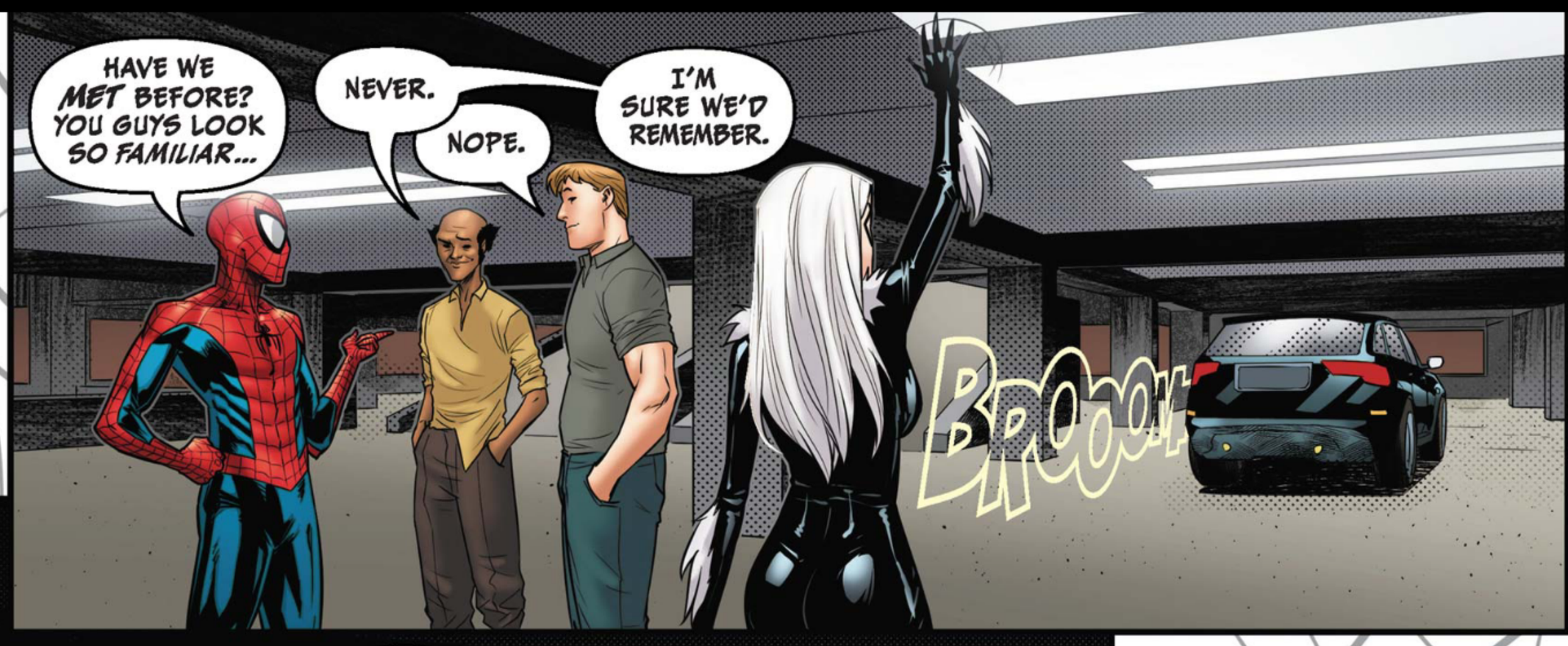
--THAT!
GHAAHAHH!
SPLASH
Heh.
SUBMARINE MODE ACTIVATED!
BLUB BLUB!
LIKE I SAID.
PITTSBURGH AMATEURS.

CUT OFF A LIMB--
--AND TWO MORE SHALL TAKE ITS PLACE!
YEAH! TWO!
PART 10: THE GREAT ESCAPE
CLICK!
CLICK!
HAIL HYDRA, BABY.
CHAOS.
FOOSH!
FOOSH!
FOOSH!
FOSH!
FOOSH!

BEAUTIFUL CHAOS.
THE SMOKE GOES OFF, AND THESE CLOWNS THINK IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD.
ALL THESE MAGGIA LORDS AND LADIES, WHO SENT THEIR OWN CHILDREN TO KILL EACH OTHER, WHO THOUGHT THEY OWNED THE WORLD.
THUMP!
REDUCED TO BEING TERRIFIED FOR THEIR LIVES JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.
SPLUNCH!
SKRAKKA-TOOM!
SLAM!
IF I STEAL NOTHING ELSE TODAY...
SLAM!
...I'LL BE SATISFIED WITH TAKING THEIR DIGNITY WITH ME.
HAHAHAHA!

"MY MOTHER WAS A MARTYR.
"TWICE. VICTORIOUS BOTH TIMES, OBVIOUSLY."
PART 11: THE MARTYRS
GROWING UP, THEY TOLD US THAT TO BE A MARTYR, TO KILL FOR THE FAMILY...
...IT WAS THE FAST TRACK. FOR RANK, FOR POSITION IN THE MAGGIA.
MY FATHER WAS A MARTYR. THREE TIMES.
FOR HIM, IT WAS AN HONOR. A WAY TO SHOW YOUR COMMITMENT, TO REPAY THE FAMILY FOR EVERYTHING THEY'D GIVEN YOU.
YOU BELIEVE IT... BECAUSE YOU WERE RAISED TO BELIEVE IT.
UNTIL YOU'RE CALLED TO BE WED. AND YOU REALIZE...
YOU REALIZE YOU'RE BEING TOLD TO KILL SOMEONE YOU'VE KNOWN ALL YOUR LIFE.
AND YOU TWO FELL IN LOVE! TWO MARTYRS, FROM FEUDING FAMILIES!
WHY, IT'S JUST LIKE A SEXY AND FREE-SPIRITED THIEF STEALING THE HEART OF A BEAUTIFUL BUT REPRESSED SUPER HERO!
IT'S REALLY NOT.

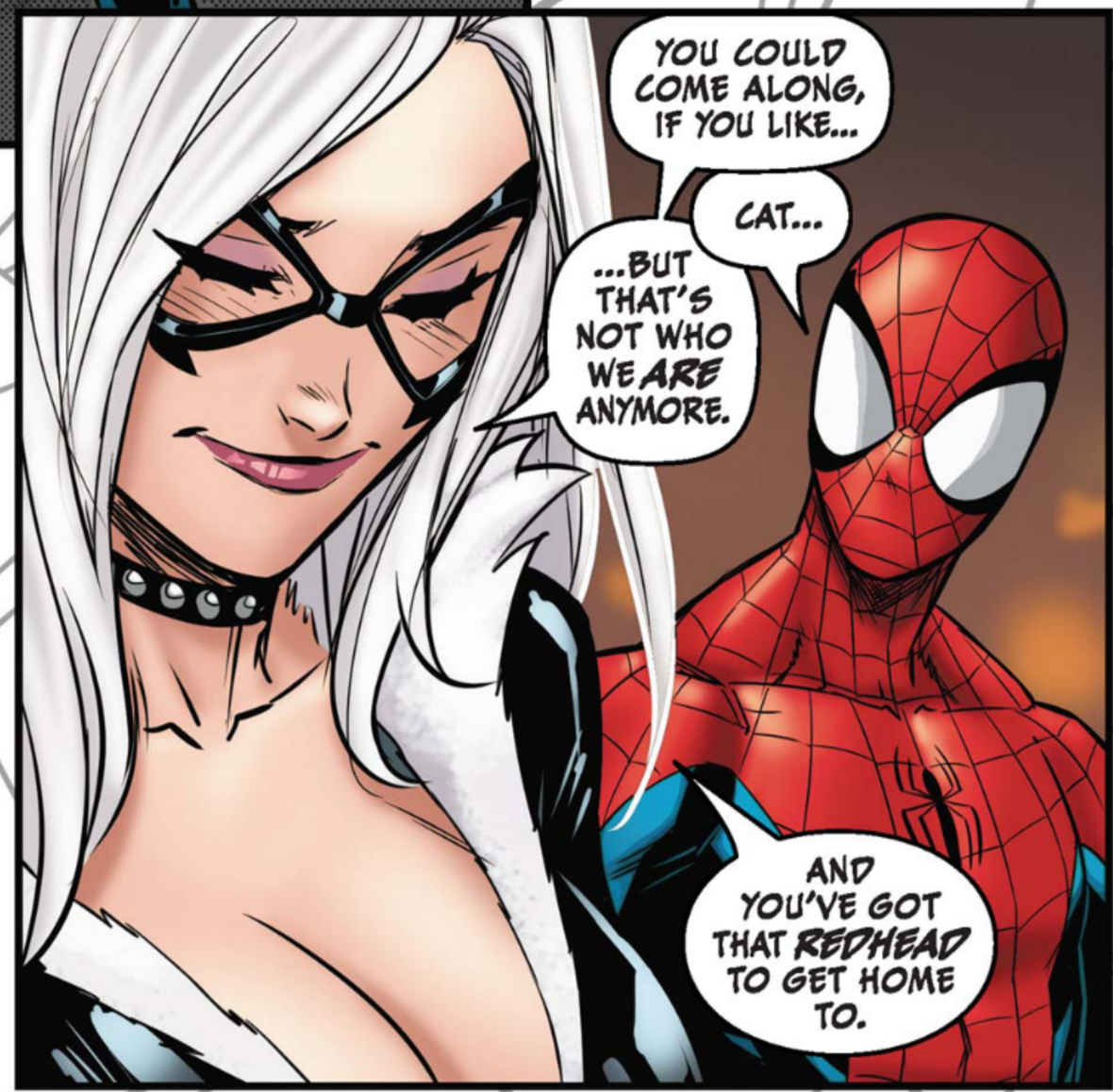
REGARDLESS.
YOU KIDS CAME TO THE RIGHT PERSON.
ONE MILLION IN CASH AND A BULLETPROOF CAR--
THAT'S ABOUT AS GOOD A START ON A NEW LIFE TOGETHER AS I CAN THINK OF.
THUMP!
AND OUR DEAL, FELICIA?
FIIIIINE.
THE OTHER HALF, ALL ONE MILLION DOLLARS OF IT--
--WILL GO TO CHARITIES THROUGHOUT NEW YORK.
I'LL GET RECEIPTS AND EVERYTHING.
YOU'RE GIVING YOUR CUT TO CHARITY?
ONLY WAY TO GET YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN ON THE JOB. IT'S ALL GOT TO BE STRICTLY PRO BONO.
THANK YOU.
COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOUR INSIDE INFO, KIDDO.
DON'T FALL BACK INTO THE GANGSTER LIFE. OR WORSE, HEDGE FUNDS.
I'LL KNOW.

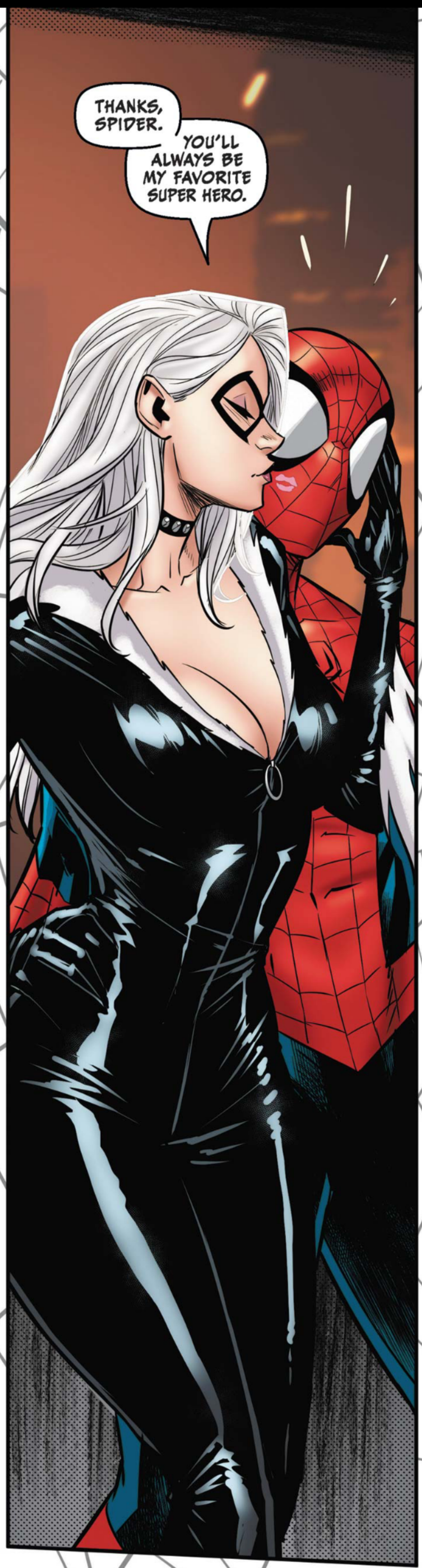

HAVE WE MET BEFORE? YOU GUYS LOOK SO FAMILIAR...
NEVER.
NOPE.
I'M SURE WE'D REMEMBER.
BROOM

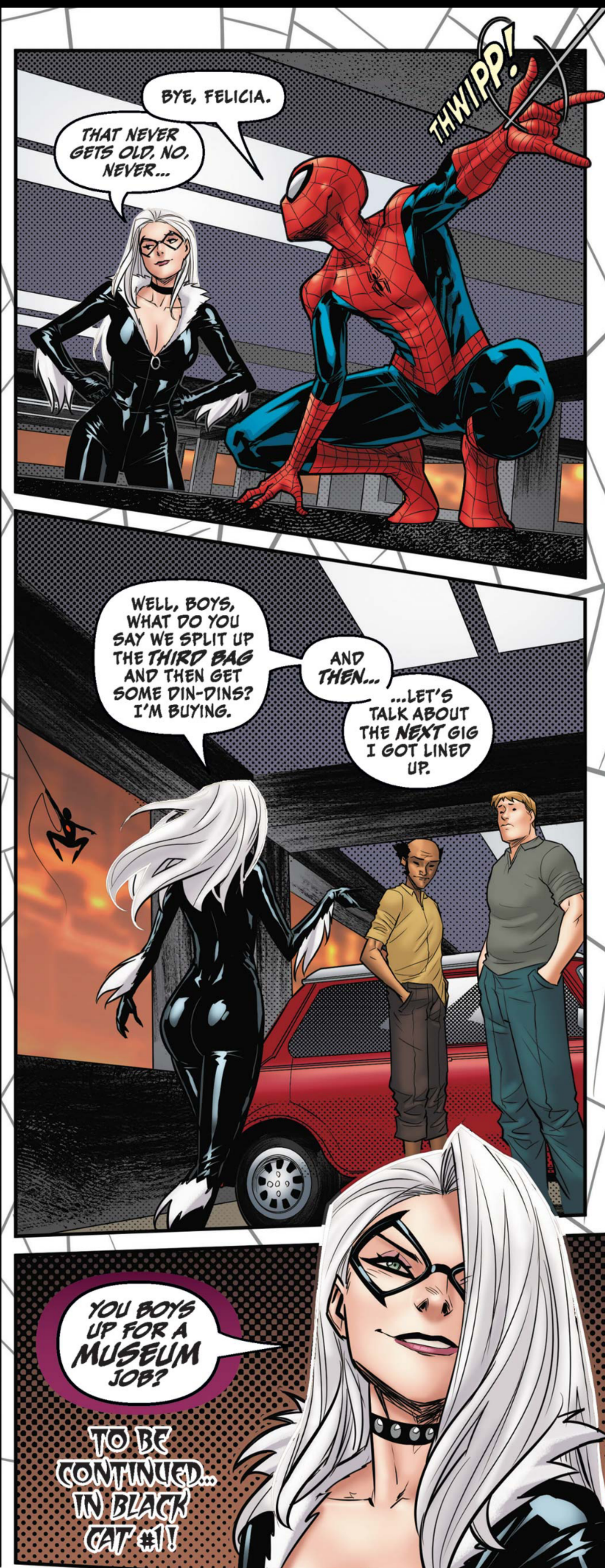
WE DID A GOOD THING TODAY, SPIDER.
WE GAVE THOSE KIDS A LIFE.
IT...
IT WAS A GOOD PLAN.
CRAZY, BUT THEN EVERYTHING WITH YOU ALWAYS IS, ISN'T IT?

IT WAS GOOD THOUGH, WASN'T IT?
YEAH. WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD TEAM.
THOUGH I'VE STILL GOT A SCAR FROM THE LAST TIME YOU ASKED ME TO MARRY YOU.*
HA! THAT WAS A GOOD ONE, RIGHT.
*SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #300!

WELL, I GUESS I'D BETTER SWING OFF.
I NEED TO CATCH SOME MUGGERS OR SOMETHING TO MAKE UP FOR ALL THIS CRIME.
HA! I NEED TO TAKE THE BOYS OUT TO DINNER FOR ALL THEIR HARD WORK--
--THEN I'M GETTING FIRED UP ON CHAMPAGNE.


YOU COULD COME ALONG, IF YOU LIKE...
CAT...
...BUT THAT'S NOT WHO WE ARE ANYMORE.
AND YOU'VE GOT THAT REDHEAD TO GET HOME TO.


THANKS, SPIDER.
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE MY FAVORITE SUPER HERO.


THWIPP!
BYE, FELICIA.
THAT NEVER GETS OLD, NO, NEVER...
WELL, BOYS, WHAT DO YOU SAY WE SPLIT UP THE THIRD BAG AND THEN GET SOME DIN-DINS? I'M BUYING.
AND THEN...
...LET'S TALK ABOUT THE NEXT GIG I GOT LINED UP.
YOU BOYS UP FOR A MUSEUM JOB?
TO BE CONTINUED... IN BLACK CAT #1!

Coming

SOON

Don't miss Felicia's next heist in **BLACK CAT #7.**